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to fish foun' ye dead on the shore one mornin' an' brought the masher to see ye; he sed ye'd cum to, an' wid the help iv God, ye did; but ye are in a fever ever since, dear, the Lord be thanked ye cum t'yer mind—I'll tell the mistress.'

"From the mistress, a respectable old lady, who soon visited me, I learned where, and in whose house I was, but she would not allow me to converse, gave me a composing draught, and left me to repose. The next day I was much stronger, and my host came to me; he was indeed a venerable picture of benevolence; taking my hand, he fervently praised God for having restored me to their prayers. He conversed with me in a manner so kindly affectionate, that I concealed nothing from him, and he promised to go where I had been stationed, and see what could be done.

"On his return he told me he had learned that the smuggler escaped during the darkness; that I was supposed to be dead; that Thompson had informed of my taking the money: and was put into my situation for his good conduct.

"'The villain,' I exclaimed, 'he ruined me to advance himself, but he shall not long enjoy it, I will shoot him.'

"'Hush, hush,' said my kind host, 'these are the suggestions of the evil one—give not way to them.'

"He continued to explain the sinfulness of my intentions, and that, at all events, I could not venture to appear in the neighbourhood, as if seen I should be prosecuted for robbery; he suggested that I should write to my friends, and begged I would remain at his house until I heard from them. I could not avoid seeing the reasonableness of his remarks, much as I disliked preaching, and agreed to do so. Nothing could exceed their kindness; I was soon restored to my usual health; but days and weeks wore away and I had no letter from home. I knew not what to do; I was weary of my residence, for though those good people relaxed not in their kindness, yet there was a strictness in their family—such a regular observance of religion, as suited not my taste, vitiated as it was by criminal indulgence.

"After two months, having had no answer to my repeated letters, I became so impatient of the restraints of my abode, that I one night left it clandestinely, and wandered I knew not, cared not whither. But in the darkness I took a wrong turn, and after walking all night, when day dawned, I found myself in the neighbourhood of my former residence. I should have immediately turned my steps another way, but there was some spell over me. I concealed myself among the rocks on the shore all day, intending to quit it at night; indeed I was greatly fatigued and soon fell into a sound sleep.

"It was dark when I emerged from my hiding place, to proceed to a village at some distance, where I was not personally known. I had not gone far on the shore when I saw two persons walking slowly before me, a man and woman, whose figures I thought familiar. I stole softly after them, and found I was not deceived—they were Thompson and my wife; a few words spoken by the latter in a loud tone gave me to understand the nature of their connection. Enraged to madness at the recollection of my wrongs, I grasped a stout stick, my only weapon, and crying, 'villain, the hour of retribution is come,' struck Thompson, while in the act of turning round, such a blow as laid him at my feet; and continued to beat him until actual fatigue obliged me to have done. His companion on hearing the voice, also turned round, and screaming loudly, fell on the strand without motion. I suppose she imagined it was my ghost who had overtaken them. Thompson lay quite still, and thinking I had added murder to my other crimes, I fled quickly, until I left the sea far behind, and found shelter at a late hour in a poor cabin. Early next morning I continued my flight, during which I encountered a party of recruits on their way to embark for foreign service. I hesitated not a moment in enlisting, and the following day left the shores of my native country.

"It would be useless to tell of all the scenes I was an actor in for a series of years; but I still continued my wicked courses, until I was several times brought to death's

door. It was while languishing in the ward of an hospital, that a good old man found, and spoke words of comfort, that I trust will never be erased from my bosom. He was a native of the place where I first began to sin, and informed me that Thompson was not killed by the beating I had given him; he suffered under it for a long time, and imagined it was inflicted by a spirit, for it was supposed that I was drowned; my wretched wife did not long survive the fright she had received, and Thompson lost his situation soon after, going no one knew whither.

"Such is my sad story, and if there are any young persons listening, oh! let them beware of straying from the paths of virtue. I am making my way to my native place, but am certain I shall be a solitary being there; my family are, I fear, gone, never having heard from them, though I wrote frequently."

The poor man ceased, and tears flowed from his almost sightless eyes. We were all affected, for there was a melancholy in the tone of his voice that touched the heart. The farmer drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and leaving his seat, went to the other side of the fire. He put his hand on the soldier's shoulder, saying in a low voice, nearly inarticulate from emotion, the single word, "Henry." The poor blind man started up, exclaiming—

"Good God! do my ears deceive me, who is it speaks?" and he shook like an aspen-leaf.

"My brother, my dear, my long mourned brother," said the farmer, and they clasped each other in a silent embrace. When at length their emotion a little subsided, the generous soldier disengaging himself from his brother's arms, dropped on his knees, and in the fervour of joy and gratitude uttered aloud his adoration of the Mighty Being who had thus unexpectedly restored him to happiness on earth.

W.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—TIN.

Tin was known, and in use, at a very early period; it is mentioned in the books of Moses, as also in the *Illiad* of Homer. The Romans had learned the method of tinning their culinary vessels with it, and used it to alloy copper in making those elastic plates which they employed in shooting darts from their warlike machines. Coins were also frequently alloyed with it, probably from the reason that it rendered copper more fluid, and enabled it more readily to assume all the impressions of the mould. It was also used by the ancients to imitate the silver currency. Tin has very little elasticity, and small specific gravity. It is not very ductile, but so exceedingly malleable as to be beaten into leaves thinner than paper. It is found principally in Cornwall, and so ancient were the Cornwall mines, that a writer who flourished forty years before Christ, mentions that they were worked in his time, and their produce being conveyed to Gaul, was by that means communicated to all parts of Italy. The miners of Cornwall were so celebrated for their knowledge of working metals, that about the middle of the seventeenth century, Becher, a physician of Spire, and tutor of Stahl, came over to this country on purpose to visit them, and it is reported of him that when he had seen them, he exclaimed, "he who was a teacher at home was glad to become a learner when he came *there*."

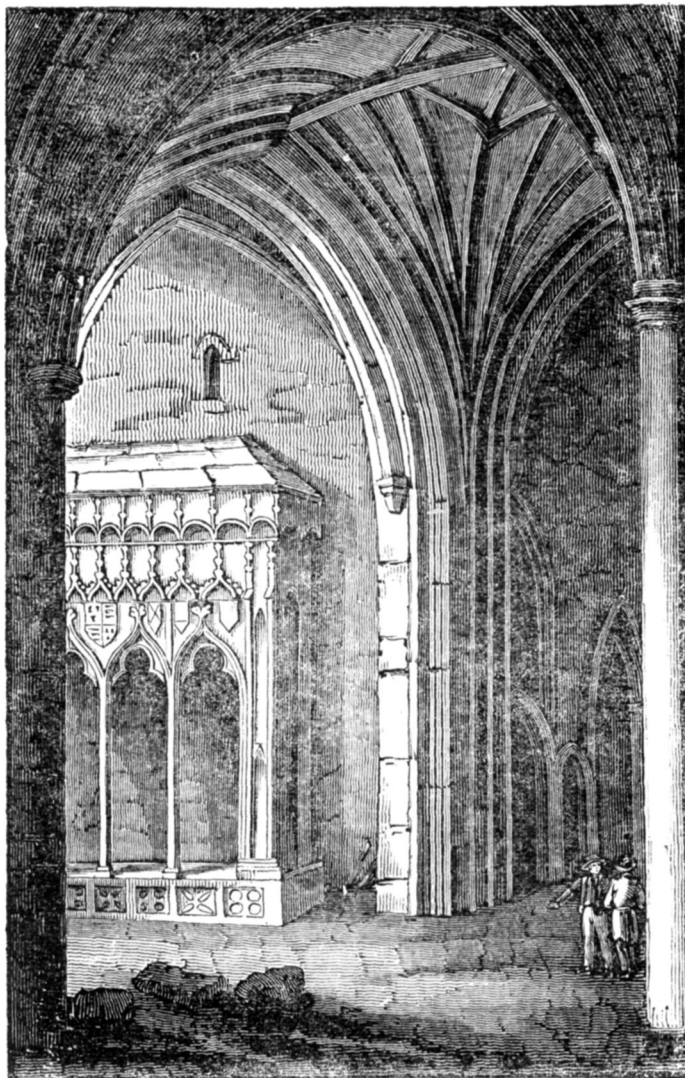
The purity of tin may be known by its weight, it being in the exact ratio of its levity; while gold, on the contrary, is fine in proportion to its density. About three thousand tons weight of tin are furnished annually by Cornwall, of which two-fifths are exported by the East India Company to India; and to induce them to take so large a quantity out of this market, they are allowed to have it at 70s. per cwt.

Tin is used in large quantities by the dyers; few arts have received such improvement from chemistry as the art of dying, for even cochineal gave but a dull kind of crimson till a chemist of the name of Kuster, who settled at Bow, near London, about the middle of the sixteenth century, discovered the use of the solution of tin, and the means of preparing with it and cochineal, a durable and beautiful scarlet.

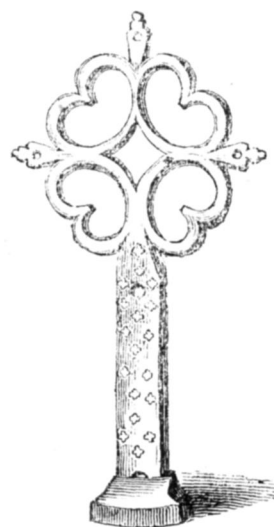
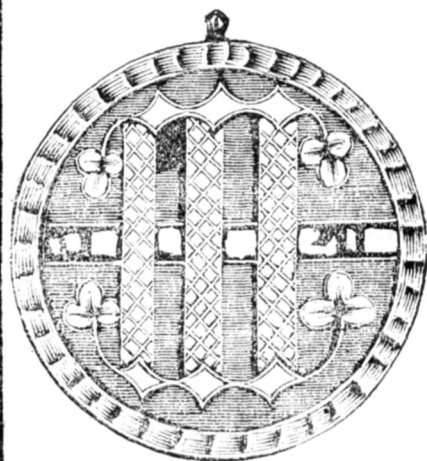
Tin is employed to form bell metal, bronze, brass for cannon, and a variety of other compounds. The beautiful

article called *mosaic gold*, is a super-sulphuret of tin, and is used by artists to give a fine color to bronze. It is very probable that if the first notions of the alchemists did not arise from seeing the great change produced by this mixture of sulphur and tin, it at all events confirmed them in the vain belief that they might be able to find out some method of forming of different materials, (or at least by their plan of transmuting metals) a method of making *gold*. The assumption of tin for manufacturing what are improperly called sheets of tin, is very considerable. These plates are originally made of fine iron, and rubbed perfectly clean with sand, they are next passed under powerful rollers, which makes them quite smooth, and are afterwards steeped in a chemical liquor called *sours*. When they have gone through these preliminary operations,

they are immersed one by one in melted tin, which not only adheres to the surface, but in a great measure penetrates the whole plate. There are two kinds of tin known in commerce, viz.—*block tin* and *grain tin*. Block tin is procured from the common ore, and is usually cast in blocks of about three hundred and twenty pounds weight, after which it is taken to the proper offices to be assayed, where it receives the impression of a lion rampant—the arms of the Duke of Cornwall—which is necessary to make it legally saleable. *Grain tin* is found in small particles in what is called the *stream tin ore*. It appears to have been washed from its original bed in remote ages. This kind of tin owes its superiority not only to the excellency of its ore, but the care and attention paid to washing and refining it. E. B.



HOLYCROSS ABBEY.



ANCIENT MONASTIC RELICS.

The largest of the foregoing engravings represents a section of the abbey church of Holy Cross, situated on the river Suir, about two miles from Thurles, in the county of Tipperary. The architecture of the building was of the most beautiful Gothic then in use; consequently, as its erection was nearly coeval with the Anglo-Norman invasion, and the founder was evidently Irish, it affords another proof of the progress which Gothic architecture had made in Ireland, previous to the age of Henry II.

The groins and vaultings of that portion which is still roofed, have an air of elegance that nothing can exceed—so that the contrast they present, makes the beholder keenly regret the dilapidations to which it had once been subjected.

The monument is that usually supposed to have been erected to Donald More O'Brien, King of Limerick, who

founded the abbey of Holy Cross, and died in the year 1194. By a reference to the 42d 45th, and 47th numbers of our first volume, it will be seen, however, that the tomb was not erected by any of the O'Brien family, as is generally supposed, but at a more recent period than that assigned to it, either by a member of the Desmond or Ormond family—which of the two has not been decided; Sir W. Betham, King at Arms, contending for the latter—an other intelligent antiquarian maintaining the former. Should any of our readers have in their possession any papers calculated to throw additional light upon the question, we shall have great pleasure in giving them insertion.

The two small engravings represent a bronze medal discovered along with a curious old cross, of brass, of high antiquity, while digging a grave near the abbey of Holy Cross,